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MAKARONY FABLES;

WITH THE

NEW FABLE OF THE BEES.

IN TWO CANTOS.

ADDRESSED TO THE SOCIETY.

Beed
BY COSMO, MYTHOGELASTICK
PROFESSOR, AND F. M. S.

*Beati non numerant horas,
Ars longa vita brevis.*

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ALMON, opposite Burlington House, in Piccadilly.

M DCC LXVIII.

MAKARON Y FABLES

NEW FABLE OF THE THREE

IN TWO PARTS

ADDRESSED TO THE SOCIETY

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BY COSMO, MYTHIC LASTICK
PROFESSOR



Beati non sumunt peras
his longa vita brevis

THE SECOND EDITION

L O N D O N

Printed for J. Almon, opposite Burlington House, in Piccadilly

M DCC LXXIII

[v]
TO THE

READER.

THAT you may understand the propriety of the motto to these Fables, which is the motto of the Society of the Makaronies, to whom they are addressed—know, vacant Reader, that the Franciscan Makaronies of Medenham, and the brethren of Pall Mall, make use, like many other schools and colleges, of a Latin of their own manufacture—that in Medenham and Makaroni Latin, *Hora* has two acceptations; thus accurately defined in the *Makaroni Crusca*.

First, it signifies that limited portion of time, which being divided into small parts called Minutes, is subdivided into as many particles called Seconds.

Now our idea of time being acquired by observing the succession of our own ideas, when that succession ceases, or cannot be distinguished, our perception of time, or of graduated duration, ceases also: as is the case when we sit up all night gaming or drinking; for in those situations we neither know nor care how time goes.

B

The

The other meaning of *hora*, according to their definition, is thus scholastically described—~~*Est infiniti-
ssibile*~~—An existence capable of infinite division, or that may be divided *ad infinitum*—our Saxon ancestors called this existence a *Hure*, a term that still prevails in Scotland—~~*Notus*~~, in Saxon, says the *Crusca*, is *Hures sunnu*, or son of a Hure.

Beatitude, or Makaroniship, consists in the rapid and imperceptible succession of *horæ*, taken as parts of time, restrictively and finally divided; and likewise in the rapid and imperceptible succession of *horæ*, in the sense of those infinitely divisible entities above-mentioned: so that the *Beati* continually enjoy both, without taking any account of either.

Beati non numerant horas.

And here, vacant Reader, it cannot be improper to mention a mistake, that the generality of people lie under, concerning the word Makarony—As most of that order have, like Thales, Pythagoras, &c. &c. travelled, and are not only elegant spectators of forms, but have an uncorrupted taste for every elegance founded upon truth and nature; superficial people suppose they are so called, from an insipid paste, the support of Italian fiddlers, singers and dancers—As if these philosophers were either ignorant of, or despised the dead languages too much, to borrow the appellation of their sect from them, from languages that have perpetuated the names of sects,
in

in spite of time, tho' their tenets have fallen beneath his
scythe, and are totally forgotten.

I can assure the Reader, that Makarony is deriv-
ed from *μακαρ μακαρ* *Beatus*—in the plural *Beati*, or the
Makarones.

As there are many mansions in that house, as many
orders of Makarones there are of Saint Francis—
that the Reader may be of that which is the most suit-
able to his inclination and circumstances, is the hearty
wish of his humble servant,

COSMO, M. P. F. M. S.

And here, vernal Reader, it cannot be improper to
mention a mistake, that the generosity of people has
under, concerning the word Makarony—As most of that
order have, like Thales, Pythagoras, &c. travelled,
and are not only elegant, speculators of forms, but have
an uncorrupted taste for every elegance founded upon
truth and nature; superficial people suppose they are so-
called, from an insipid paste, the support of Mahan dis-
tort, singers and dancers—As if these philosophers were
either ignorant of, or despised the dead languages too
much to borrow the appellation of their sect from them,
from languages that have perpetuated the names of sects
in

in (one of time, the) their names have been handed in
~~to the House and are totally forgotten~~
I can assure the Reader, that Makarov is derived
ed from some source - being in the plural form, or the
Makarovs.
As there are many mansions in that house, as many
order of Makarovs there must be. I think I might say
that the Reader may be of that which is a most anti-
able to his imagination and clear vision of the beauty
with of his mind's eye.

A CERTAIN house furnished with every thing
Tap, golden filled, but they touched none.
An able chief amongst the Car.
Picked them up like one by one.
All Liberties that they had lost,
All Vagabonds shared the same fate.
This town of the Hibernian breed,
It grew to be a tedious case;
If he was suffer'd to proceed,
He would extinguish the whole race.
A vote call'd, an order pass'd,
A proclamation for a fast.
Pursuant to their resolution,
They watch'd and pray'd, entrench'd like moles.
The Car by silent infiltration,
Studied to draw them from their holes.

T H E
R E S I G N A T I O N.

F A B L E I.

A CERTAIN house swarmed with huge Rats,
 Traps, poison failed, baits they touched none;
 An able chief amongst the Cats,
 Picked them up slyly one by one.
 All Libertines that stayed out late,
 All Vagabonds shared the same fate;
 This rous'd the Hanoverian breed,
 It grew to be a serious case;
 If he was suffer'd to proceed,
 He would extinguish the whole race.
 A vote ensu'd, an order pass'd,
 A proclamation for a fast:
 Pursuant to their resolution,
 They watch'd and pray'd, entrench'd like moles,
 The Cat by feline institution,
 Studied to draw them from their holes.

C

He

He knew 'twas folly to pretend,
 To act the patriot, or the friend.
 What people wish they soon believe,
 The Cat fell sick and took his bed;
 He formed his project to deceive,
 By lying down and seeming dead;
 He shut his eyes, his breath held in,
 Stretch'd out and straight,
 He lay in state,
 Just like a cat, worth nothing but his skin,
 He cannot long continue so,
 Says an old sage, stir not from hence;
 This dying comes too à propos,
 To be ought else than a pretence.
 The wiser sort maintain'd their ground;
 Grimalkin, baffled for this bout,
 Rose from the dead, and with a bound,
 Rais'd the blockade, and let them out.
 Some youngers only, not worth keeping,
 That fally'd forth, pay'd for their peeping;
 Even thus according to report,
 Edward's Grimalkin left his post;
 Or in the language of the court,
 Thus Gaveston gave up the ghost.

And

And tho' the subtile Gascoon lord,
 Affur'd the barons he was dead;
 The barons would not take his word,
 Till they had taken off his head.
 The court declared him dead in law,
 And some weak folks bit at the show;
 But found that his contracted paw,
 Retired to strike the furer blow.
 Cats seldom die a natural death,
 As seldom Favourites resign
 Naturally, without design,
 'Till they resign their forfeit breath.

F A B L E II.

THE DOCTOR AND STUDENT.

A LOBSTER, by a strange mistake,
 Scrap'd an acquaintance with a snake;
 To learn his suppleness and arts,
 He boarded at the serpent's house;
 Lobsters have not the quickest parts,
 Armed cap-a-pie without much *nouse.*

The

The Doctor not the least afraid,
 Altho' he knew, Lob was audacious;
 Long'd much to try what could be made,
 Out of a head-piece so testaceous;
 All that a soldier can possess,
 He oft repeated with a smile;
 With strength and courage, is address,
 In other words a little guile;
 As yet you are but raw I see,
 Tho' far beyond your A B C;
 The best advice that I can give,
 A sentiment for Kings to drink;
 Let every one not only live
 According to his rank, but think.
 You have a comprehensive mind,
 Lobsters ought not to think like oysters;
 They were not made to be confin'd,
 And spend their days like them in cloysters;
 To stand when they should stir and bustle,
 Gaping and studying like a muscle.
 Cadmus preferr'd in all his lectures,
 Facts and experience to conjectures;
 Lobsters

Lobsters by an instinctive force,
 And selfishly without design;
 Their feelings commonly are coarse,
 Their honour always superfine.
 Unfeeling, resolute and cool,
 But tutor'd in the serpent lore;
 Lob grew by taking pains at school,
 Ten times more selfish than before;
 Serpentine doubts and conscious fear,
 Were hourly whispering in his ear;
 "That friend of yours so dark and sly,
 "Will sacrifice you in the end;
 "Bravely exert yourself and try,
 "To be before-hand with your friend."
 'Twas what he often try'd, but found,
 Instead of gaining, he lost ground;
 Perhaps his brain was too much strain'd,
 Too weak to hold all it contain'd;
 So through some little crack or chink,
 His plots were smelt, and soon detected;
 Like snuffers cramm'd, that by their stink,
 Betray the snuffs they have collected.
 But time and fortitude at last,
 Pay'd him for all his patience past;

One day he enter'd without rapping,
 And caught the wary Cadmus napping;
 Lob scarce could credit what he saw,
 Finding him coiled, and fast asleep,
 Fatigued with meditations deep,
 He choaked his master with his claw.
 Now ponder well, and be severe,
 Look sharp for some smart application;
 'Twill fit both Commoner and Peer,
 If you have any provocation;
 Whether a Courtier, Statesman, or a Cit,
 Throughout you'll find some famous Biter bit.

F A B L E III.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

A NIGHTINGALE, in her retreat,
 Exerted all her native powers;
 Compos'd and sung plaintively sweet,
 To charm the silent hours.
 A hungry Hawk in ambush lay,
 And seiz'd the hapless songster for his prey;

The

The warbling Victim tried in vain,
 To melt a cruel Tyrant's heart;
 Proof against every moving strain,
 Of nature, or of art.
 Charmer, said he, I wait too long,
 Hawks require food, more solid than a song :
 Then with a villain's smile he struck,
 The loveliest tenant of the wood ;
 In her poor heart his Beak he stuck,
 Rioting in her vital blood :
 Listen ye fair ones to my lay,
 Your ways with trembling caution mark !
 How many virgins fall a prey,
 To some base murderer in the dark.
 Your youth, your tears, your spotless fame,
 Add to the brutal fire fresh fuel ;
 Deaf to compassion, dead to shame,
 Selfishness is always cruel.
 Ye candid souls whose pulses beat,
 With no distemper'd selfish heat ;
 View here again a wretch oppress'd,
 And heaven and earth in vain implored ;
 Robbed of his property and rest,
 Devoured by a rapacious Lord.

When

When Avarice and Power meet,
Woe to the humble Neighbour of the Great.

F A B L E IV.

THE BLACK BIRD.

IN concert with the curfew bell,
An Owl was chaunting Vespers in his cell ;
Upon the outside of the wall,
A Black Bird, famous in that age ;
From a bow window in the hall,
Hung dangling in a wicker cage ;
Instead of psalmody and pray'rs,
Like those good children of St. Francis ;
He secularized all his airs,
And took delight in Wanton Fancies.
Whilst the bell toll'd, and the Owl chaunted,
Every thing was calm and still ;
All nature seem'd rapp'd and enchanted,
Except the querelous, unthankful rill ;
Unawed by this imposing scene,
Our Black Bird the enchantment broke ;
Flourish'd a sprightly air between,
And whistled the Black Joke.

This

This lively unexpected motion,
 Set nature in a gayer light ;
 Quite over-turn'd the Monks devotion,
 And scatter'd all the gloom of night.
 I have been taught in early youth,
 By an expert Metaphysician ;
 That ridicule's the test of truth,
 And only match for superstition.
 Imposing rogues, with looks demure,
 At Rome keep all the world in awe ;
 Wit is profane, learning impure,
 And reasoning against the Law ;
 Between two tapers and a book,
 Upon a dresser clean and neat,
 Behold a sacerdotal Cook,
 Cooking a dish of heavenly meat !
 How fine he curtsies ! Make your bow,
 Thump your breast soundly, beat your poll ;
 Lo ! he has toss'd up a Ragout,
 'To fill the belly of your soul :
 Even here there are some holy men,
 Would fain lead people by the nose ;
 Did not a Black Bird now and then,
 Benevolently interpose.

E

My

My good Lord Bishop, Mr. Dean,
 You shall get nothing by your spite ;
 Tristram shall whistle at your spleen,
 And put Hypocrisy to flight.

F A B L E V.

P O U R M O I M E M E .

W I T H I N a Joyner's Shop upon a Stool,
 With countenance serene and grave ;
 A Cat examin'd every tool,
 As nicely as Rousseau's Elève.
 A File that understood its trade,
 Provoked her Ladyship past bearing ;
 Observing the great waste it made,
 By clipping artfully and paring.
 I'll serve you your own way you knave,
 For that says, Pufs, let me alone ;
 I'll lick you with my tongue you slave,
 'Till I have lick'd you to the bone.
 She lick'd 'till her whole tongue was fled,
 And laugh'd to see the villain bleed ;

With

With blood he was all over red,
 Determining the File to kill;
 The Cat lick'd on believing still,
 It was the File and not her tongue that bled.
 My Gardner, my Coachman John,
 My Groom, my Butler, the whole corps,
 Are objects to vent spleen upon,
 Whene'er the bileous pot boils o'er;
 But I'll grow better when I'm able,
 To fume and fret is not worth while;
 I am the Cat that bleeds in Fable,
 My Family—the unfeeling File.

F A B L E VI.

THE TORTOISE.

CREATURES made chiefly for defence,
 Are seldom overstock'd with sense.

A Tortoise once, a military Beau,
 Hardy to give the beast his due,
 Walk'd to and fro solemnly slow,
 Like Prussian's at a Review.

Completely

Compleatly arm'd from head to tail,
 Proof against either cut or stab;
 As full of blubber as a Whale,
 With brains no better than a Crab.
 Suppose ambition was inclin'd,
 To captivate his torpid mind;
 What could she do with such a mass,
 All that she could propose at most;
 Would be to lead him to some pass,
 And leave him standing like a post.
 But if conceit instead of her,
 Should make a puncture in his breast;
 Conceit can make a Tortoise stir,
 And labour to outdo the best.

Accordingly one day,
 Busy and rolling in his way,
 Upon his axis like a Porpoise,
 I mean contemplating himself;
 Conceit came like a fairy elf,
 And took possession of my Tortoise.
 Under a rock the formal fop,
 With reconnoitring air and state;
 Observed an airy near the top,
 And saw an Eagle at the gate.

Eagle

Eagle the Coxcomb cries descend,
 I hate both Grotto and Alcove;
 Be it my glory to attend,
 And emulate the bird of Jove.
 I feel all feathery and light,
 Flush'd with warm vigour from fresh springs;
 Descend and mount me out of sight,
 Consign me then to my own wings.
 The Eagle lighted on the plain,
 Arguments of all shapes he try'd;
 Not one would fit 'twas all in vain,
 Some were too strait, and some too wide;
 Hard by upon a thiftly bed,
 An aged Ass repos'd half dead;
 'Tis nought but Hypochondriac pride,
 The fumes that laziness has bred;
 Before you try to fly he cry'd,
 Hop over that old Asses head.
 The fool like all in that condition,
 Always flew out at opposition.
 Alas! what pains poor envy takes,
 The flimsy cap that she puts on,
 Is too transparent, says the Don,
 To hide her execrable snakes;

Stung to the soul with **this reproach,**
 The Eagle bad the **foe approach;**
 And mounting him as high he could soar,
 Now 'ply your wings, say'd he, 'tis time,
 Whether you nobly chuse to climb,
 To fall like lightning, or to sweep the shore.
 He spoke, down dropp'd the **Tortoise plum,**
 With an explosion like a bomb;
 One crash confounding back and belly,
 His armour once as hard as brass,
 Lay like a heap of broken glass,

Upon a heap of jelly.
 Such I have met with in my walk,
 Tortoises of distinguish'd air,
 Creeping about to ask a talk,
 At **Bloomsbury, or Grosvenor Square.**
 They all are persons of great skill,
 They know what's fittest to be done;
 Landmen, or Seamen, as they will,
 And Statesmen every Mother's Son;
 They can compose with their own hands,
 All civil broils, all foreign jars;
 Not one of them but understands,
 The disciplines of Wars.

Let

Let but the Royal Eagle take him,
 Take any one, and mount him high;
 No arguments on earth can shake him,
 They all believe that they can fly:

F A B L E VII.

THE COOK.

ÆSOP is always a new Book,
 Æsop in a judicious hand;
 But 'tis in vain on it to look,
 Without the Grace to understand.
 Pleasant his Fables are indeed,
 Profound, ingenious, and sly;
 Fables that infancy may read,
 Maturity alone apply.

A Cook was busy with his Battery,
 Two Sycophants, two Knaves, I mean,
 Sat by, and play'd with red hot Flattery,
 Against the Battery Cusine.
 Both Engineers by profession,
 Their Flattery was so well planted;
 They soon dismounted his discretion,
 Which was the only point they wanted;

For

For having built a famous pie,
 Larded his fowls, barded his larks;
 As he had other Fish to fry,
 He left the field to my two Sparks;
 And whilst he flash'd and carbonnaded,
 Stewed and hash'd, and gasconnaded,
 A Fish of a superb appearance,
 Vanish'd from the Kitchen Table;
 Which mis'd the Cook, and his adherents,
 Made a confusion worse than Babel;
 One of those Fish, miscalled by some,
 In which St. Peter used to deal;
 Stamped for himself, with his own thumb,
 The ancient Piscatory Seal.
 Therefore let Peter have the Glory,
 Let us to him ascribe the Dorys;
 Call it not John but Peter Dory,
 Given *Sub Sigillo Piscatoris*.
 Advancing to the chopping block,
 Peace, cry'd the Cook, your Clamours cease;
 Then with his Cleaver gave a knock,
 And all the Kitchen was at peace.

Says

Says he, 'twas you, Sir, or your Brother,
 No Cat comes here, I'll take my oath;
 Therefore it must be one or t'other,
 He quite forgot, it might be both.
 I have it not, the Thief reply'd,
 I stole it not, cried the Receiver;
 Both swore, protested, and deny'd,
 And so the Cook layed down his cleaver.
 The case seem'd so perplex'd and odd,
 And the Cook's thoughts were so divided;
 All three referr'd the case to God,
 And there it rests till he decide it;
 Now from this Fable it appears,
 Or from this Fable I surmise;
 Some folks give credit to their Ears,
 When they should scarce believe their Eyes.
 This foolish Cook puts me in mind,
 Of the most dupeable of Nations;
 Busy and active, but resign'd,
 To flattery on all occasions;
 And so, because my Moral's stale,
 I'll close my Fable with a Tale.

A T A L E.

HOW many Years it was ago,
 To ascertain I don't engage ;
 Nor in what reign, I only know,
 It happened in the Golden Age.
 Upon the Record thus it stands,
 Two worthy Ministers combin'd ;
 To play into each others hands,
 To cheat and puzzle all mankind ;
 The silly people were cajol'd ;
 And all their Tricks went glibly down ;
 At length one of them grew so bold,
 He lay'd his hands upon the Crown ;
 And with more Bravery than Labour,
 Handed it to his crafty Neighbour ;
 When you say Crown, you often mean,
 The Owner, whether King or Queen ;
 In such a case you may believe,
 The Priests would pray, the Laymen swear,
 A few would laugh, and some would grieve,
 And many want to hang this pair ;

I have

I have him not by heaven, says John !
 I steal, cries Will, a likely thing !
 Stolen or stray'd, however gone,
 It was not me that stole your King.
 Thus us'd to puzzle and confound them,
 This Nation's fury soon was pass'd ;
 The people left them as they found them,
 Forc'd to appeal to Heaven at last ;
 Fortune was seldom known so cross,
 Few disappointments are compleater ;
 To lose their King was a great Loss,
 Not to recover him a greater.

F A B L E VIII.

A NONPAREIL, an Apple Tree,
 A Commoner, haughty and proud ;
 And a Pome-Granate, a Grandee,
 One day disputed hard and loud ;
 I am the Favourite of the Nation,
 The Apple say'd, that's a plain case ;
 I know your Rank and Occupation,
 And laugh'd in the Pomegranate's Face ;

My

My Merit's known to all mankind,
 I never courted your choice Spirits;
 Your noble virtues are confin'd,
 Few people know your latent Merits;
 Nor know your Virtues, like the Beavers,
 Lie in your feminal Receivers.
 A Bramble sneaking like a Rogue,
 Out of a hedge, and out of fight;
 Cry'd, Bretheren, with a Province Brogue,
 Be Friends, and let us all Unite.
 When the Great quarrel, the small Fry,
 Stir, and affect important vigour;
 Then Æsop says, the Cyphers try,
 But never can make any Figure.

THE

THE NEW
FABLE of the BEEES:
IN TWO CANTOS.

HIS QUIDAM SIGNIS, ATQUE HÆC EXEMPLA SECUTI,
ESSE APIBUS PARTEM DIVINÆ MENTIS, ET HAUSTUS
ÆTHEREOS DIXERE : DEUM NAMQUE IRE PER OMNES
TERRASQUE, TRACTUSQUE MARIS, CÆLUMQUE PROFUNDUM.

Virg. Georg. L. IV.

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C A N T O I.

The ARGUMENT.

A preliminary discourse—The origin of police—The divine right of kings asserted upon new principles, more suitable to the goodness of God and to good sense, than the old principles that are taught at Oxford—The nature of courts—The court of Heaven—The court of requests—Angels—Ministers—The bee-piper—A speech A prayer—A curse, in which all good people are desired to join—The conclusion—

T H E N E W
F A B L E of the B E E S.

C A N T O I.

I Never yet beheld that Man,
 (With all the temper that you please)
 That started fair, and fairly ran
 Through the old fable of the bees;
 Because the verse the author chose,
 If verse, like ours, be verse indeed,
 Was made to introduce the prose,
 But never meant to take the lead;
 Whereas it should be the reverse,
 The prose should be the squire, or usher,
 To grace and wait upon the verse,
 Not a competitor or pulser.

Verse ill conducted or misplac'd,
 Meets with cold treatment and distaste,
 Much like a sermon, or discourse,
 With which you have been tir'd and vex'd,
 Neither begot in a right course
 Upon the body of a text,
 Made nor created, but proceeding,
 Incomprehensibly from reading.
 Through a variety of matter,
 And learned dirt you splash and walk,
 Both for impertinence and chatter,
 Like his own lady's table talk :
 But a good parson hates to poach,
 All his delight is in fair sporting,
 No harlot-text will he approach,
 But first to scripture goes a courting :
 A text by wooing he obtains,
 He takes her in a proper trim,
 And so begets with proper pains,
 A sermon found in wind and limb.
 It is a spurious production,
 Begot in any other shape ;
 Either the offspring of seduction,
 Or lawless issue of a rape.

All

All kinds of governments that are,
 That of an emperor or king,
 Or of a queen like that of fairies,
 Nay even down to my lord-mayor,
 Or, what's exactly the same thing,
 Down even to my lady mayorefs.
 According to the wits of Greece,
 And idle poets of all nations,
 Have studied bees for the police
 Of kingdoms, states, and corporations:
 That there are queens that rule the bees,
 Has been a point agreed long since:
 The learned say e'en lice and fleas
 Are govern'd by a sovereign prince;
 Through microscopes they plainly trace,
 In vermin that escape the fight,
 Monarchy and a royal race;
 Nature in Kings takes such delight,
 A fact that leads by steps direct,
 Farther, perhaps, than you suspect;
 That monarchs are of right divine,
 Is evidently prov'd from hence,
 For Filmer's patriarchal line,
 Proves nothing but his want of sense:

This

This proves to every apprehension,
 What none but wicked whigs condemn,
 That monarchy is God's invention,
 Far too ingenious for them :
 But then 'twill follow full as plain,
 That as they're kings by God appointed,
 All kings by the same patent reign ;
 Sovereigns equally anointed ;
 For the creator of all creatures
 Is neither fond of shape nor size,
 Nor loves queen Bessy's eyes and features
 More than a spider's face and eyes ;
 Equally source and God of all,
 All kings are equal in his sight,
 Whether the monarch's great or small,
 Whether a Brunswick or a mite.
 When treason spawns and traitors work,
 God will weigh both in equal scales,
 Whether a desperate Damien lurk
 Within a rotten cheese or at Versailles.
 Kings, therefore, by God's charter reign,
 Monarchy seems to be a plan,
 Contriv'd to punish and restrain
 Licentious insects and vain man.

Wherever .

Wherever there are kings and queens
 There must be plenty of intrigues,
 Variety of ways and means,
 Enmities, jealousies, and leagues;
 Both courts and Heaven, as David sings,
 In waiting place their chief ambition,
 To see God's face, the queen's or king's,
 Both call the beatific vision:
 If Heaven be a happier place,
 There are no sexes thereabout,
 No ministers but those of grace;
 For all the devils are turned out.
 Ladies, I own, one must be spiteful,
 Bad as a Turk, worse than a Jew,
 To think that Heaven could be delightful,
 If Heaven had no place for you:
 Heaven's harmony, as fools report,
 Would be quite drown'd in female noise:
 Heaven is not shut, like the Pope's court,
 To all but priests, eunuchs and boys.
 Yes, there are ladies in those bowers,
 Ladies that once were made like burs;

K But

But then they level all distinction,
 Before they enter into bliss;
 Each sex must suffer an extinction,
 They neither marry there nor piss.
 Our courts are the reverse of Heavens,
 In everlasting change delighting,
 Always at fixes and at sevens,
 Intriguing, catterwauling, fighting:
 Here we abound in nought but sin,
 Here peace and rest were never known;
 Here all the devils are kept in,
 All that have any grace are flown.
 Within a hive a wand'ring drone,
 Of an uncommon size and mien,
 Stole by, unnotic'd, near the throne,
 And struck the fancy of the queen:
 When once a royal fancy's struck,
 The striker never leaves it short,
 Not only strikes, pushing his luck,
 But kicks the proudest of the court:
 'Tis not a mighty pleasant thing,
 Nor much in favour of the many,
 Who, tho' allowed to wear a sting,
 Are kick'd by creatures without any:

He

He kick'd them up and down by dozens,

But that which cut them to the quick,

He sent for all his dirty cozens,

And gave them liberty to kick.

Gentle or simple 'twas the same,

Once they began, all was fair game.

A humble bee, once much in vogue,

Who in an instant could inflame ;

Or, when enraged, the demagogue

Could make an apiary tame :

In an assembly held apart,

Display'd the wonders of his art ;

First he deplor'd their present state,

Then he amus'd them with a hum,

Then he grew noisy and elate

And rais'd their spirits like a drum :

Drummers and orators by noise,

By drumming and by elocution,

Often inspire both men and boys

With eagerness and resolution.

When their drum's brac'd, if they have skill,

They move their audience as they will.

Just

Just so, by varying his notes,
 And adding action to the tone,
 He could have made them cut the throats
 Both of the courtiers and the drone.
 For humble bees to grandeur climb
 By oratory humbuzzonic,
 Like the great speakers of our time,
 By rhetoric stenterophonic;
 My dearest countrymen, say'd he,
 Far be it from me to despise
 A drone for being not a bee,
 I hate him for not being wise;
 When there's no wisdom in a guide,
 When once the guide loses his way,
 Whether we walk or sail or ride,
 'Tis ten to one we go astray.
 Horrid and desperatious case,
 Big with terrificable woe,
 If any bees within this place
 Are willingly Bee-wilder'd so,
 Such bees I heartily renounce,
 However dignify'd and styled;
 Such bees must be, I do pronounce,
 Bee-fooled, bee-sotted, and bee-guiled.

What

What wickedness is left undone?

What folly has not been committed?

You are not only over-run,

By stupid drones you are out-witted:

Our colonies do they not bleed?

Are not our brothers scorn'd and flighted,
Except our brethren from the Tweed,

With us mellifluously united?

Is not the cause of this well known?

You all of you know what I mean,

You know the bagpipe of the drone

Fascinates our gracious queen.

What flesh alive can bear his scheimers,

And their abominable schemes?

Or, who can listen to his dreamers,

And his interpreters of dreams?

One of his tools try'd to be funny,

Talk'd of his savings and his sparings,

Attempted to seize all your honey,

And make you live on apple-parings,

A drone, perdition catch his soul,

Full of pretensions and vain-glory;

So very like a certain mole,

I cannot help telling the story:

L

With

With intellects by nature muddy,
 A mole kept moiling under ground,
 Lived, like Duns Scotus, in his study,
 And got the name of the profound :
 At last by labouring and boring
 Amongst the blind and the be-nighted ;
 And, by continually poring,
 He was accounted second-sighted :
 His mother, a discreet old dame,
 Knew well the genius of the youth ;
 She was not such a dupe to fame,
 To take all her reports for truth ;
 She left her house, she came, in short,
 To judge herself of the report :
 Mother, said he, by all that's bright,
 I saw you tripping o'er the plain ;
 What a fine thing is second-sight,
 'Tis the perfection of the brain :
 I knew you, mother, well enough,
 I heard your step an hour ago,
 And smelt the fragrance of your ruff,
 As I was studying below.

That

That you, says she, were always blind,
 Was not a point that wanted clearing,
 But now, alas, I also find,
 You've neither feeling, smell, nor hearing;
 Therefore, to keep your reputation,
 Lock yourself up, my learned son,
 Avoid all kind of conversation;
 If you converse, you are undone.
 Such is this Treasurer of yours,
 Who should be sent, might I advise,
 To banishment, far from our flowers,
 And live on excrements with flies:
 There let him, without interruption,
 As a reward for his invention,
 Grow sleek and wanton with Corruption;
 Let him enjoy a stinking Pension.
 Just gods! your kind assistance lend,
 Watch and protect the royal comb!
 Confound his instrument, and send
 The Piper to his native home:
 Dismiss his mercenary Drones,
 Expose them to contempt and laughter,
 And finally break all their bones,
 If they attempt to enter after.

Whilst

Whilst he was speaking all was quiet,
 But perorating in that fashion,
 They rose up like a Polish Diet,
 And drew their sabres in a passion.
 Had he been there in that confusion,
 They were for heated with this actor,
 He had not 'scap'd for a contusion,
 Nor even for a simple fracture.

C A N T O

Whilst he was speaking all was quiet

But perorating in that fashion

They rose up like a Polish Diet

And drew their sabres in a passion

Had he been there in that confusion

They were so heated with this ardor

C A N T O II.

Not even for a simple madman

The ARGUMENT.

*The great humming bee delineated—A list of orators—An
exceeding fine speech—Tories, why called—Conclu-
sion—Moral.*

CANTO II.

Till growing cooler by degrees,

A humble bee, with an arch smile,

Answered the speech of Princes:

The given criticism means that a Greek word is used.

A bee of an exalted family, they called—Concha.

It was not a common honey bee.

No, nor Bumble with his clangor,

Nor Tartar with whose whole wit

Is quite as harmless as his anger;

Nor the whole battery words run off,

No words run smoother or distincter,

So oily, they would cure a cough

As soon as Hill's balsamic tincture;

Nor the Bee swain, a Bee as rare,

All cloth'd in satin and in silk,

With speech and face both soft and fair,

Like poultries of bread and milk;

C A N T O . II.

THEIR stings they brandish'd for a while,
 'Till growing cooler by degrees,
 A humble bee, with an arch smile,
 Answered the speech of Pericles:
 Pericles means, 'tis a Greek name,
 A bee of an exalted fame.
 'Twas not a common hackney tit,
 No, nor Bambalio with his clangor,
 Nor Taratantara, whose wit
 Is quite as harmless as his anger;
 Nor he whose balmy words run off,
 No words run smother or distincter,
 So oily, they would cure a cough
 As soon as Hill's balsamic tincture;
 Nor the Bee swain, a Bee as rare,
 All cloath'd in sattin and in silk,
 With speech and face both soft and fair,
 Like poultices of bread and milk;

Nor

Nor Boreas, like a rumbling car,

~~Nor Bumbo, who must ever speak ill.~~

Whose eloquence resembles tar,

Much more than honey or even treacle,

Tho' he is sometimes called Molosses,*

Which signifies the scum of sugar,

So sayth the druggerman Coloffus,

Who sold his master Hugger-mugger;

This humble bee far from a ranter,

Could not endure a noise and clatter,

His fort was fly socratic banter,

As to his name 'tis no great matter;

Say'd he, the honourable Humble

Is placed so high in our esteem,

That if he chance to slip and tumble,

I shall believe it is a dream.

And yet I wish he would take the trouble,

To shew his conduct in each point;

Right when tis simple, better double,

Most natural when out of joint.

* See Judas Johnson in the word Molosses, and his ingenious conjecture about HUGGER-MUGGER.

I do not mean I am not so blind,
 So ignorant a pinny-hammer,
 That Pericles should be confin'd
 To rules of conduct or of grammar;
 I only wish that he would shew
 His right, by purchase or donation,
 To all the faith we can bestow.
 As well as all our admiration.
 'Twould cut at once the Gordian knot,
 And reconcile each contradiction,
 Tergiversation be forgot,
 Duplicity and dereliction,
 In the mean time, on all occasions,
 'Till he complies with these conditions,
 I must consider his orations
 Only as human compositions.
 'Till he has clear'd this point before him,
 Tho' I admire I can't adore him.
 Why are the bagpipes such a sin?
 Or why in him alone a crime?
 Pericles try'd them out and in,
 But he could never play in time;
 And try'd, when it was all lost labour,
 To rival him with pipe and tabour:

N

Nay,

Nay, in the poschets of her ear,
 Like Hamlet's uncle with a phial,
 When he could get the queen to hear,
 Pour'd the base notes of his bass-viol.
 He say'd, indeed, that all his playing
 Was meant to disenchant the Queen;
 But does he say what he is saying,
 Like people that say what they mean?
 So far from that, there's not a citling,
 That makes excursions in the summer;
 There's not a single shallow witling,
 That does not take him for a hummer:
 Therefore I earnestly beseech,
 In the behalf of this poor nation,
 That you will not regard his speech,
 More than his life and conversation:
 His arguments prove, more or less,
 However furbulow'd or dress'd;
 'Tis not so much for our distress,
 As for himself, that he's distress'd.
 His arguments are truly curious,
 He hates him not for his ambition,
 Nor as a drone, but he is furious,
 Because he is the queen's musician:

He

He hates his tunes, he hates his ways,
 And hates the pipe on which he plays.
 But if a bagpipe be essential
 To every drone both great and small,
 If Pericles be consequential,
 Then Pericles must hate them all.
 For 'tis recorded in old stories,
 How Drones and Tories got their name;
 Pipes were call'd Drones, and Pipers Tories,
 Now Drone and Tory mean the same.
 His compliment to Drones I take it,
 Is not impenetrably deep,
 There are some Tory heads awake yet,
 That he would rather lull to sleep.
 To dream of honey, milk, and wine,
 For Tory dreams are always fine,
 As children in their nurses lap,
 Or rock'd in cradles sweetly lying,
 Are happier dreaming of their pap,
 Than when they're broad awake and crying.
 Now take your balance, and compare
 His speeches with his life and dealings,
 Or else you may, without such care,
 Take fine professions for fine feelings.

In early youth he lost his place,
 He was a Trumpeter or Cornet,
 For spitting in the lady's face,
 And calling him an ugly hornet.
 An old coquette amongst the wasps,
 Whilst Pericles was fresh and young,
 Whose sting and poison, like the asps,
 Lay chiefly in her head and tongue,
 Long after he was sent down stairs,
 Seduc'd him with her harlot airs;
 In the wasp cause he appear'd hearty,
 Assum'd their language and their form,
 Vow'd to renounce the whole Bee-party,
 And take her majesty by storm:
 But when his passion was abated,
 He veer'd about without much pain;
 When love or avarice were fated,
 He turn'd a loyal bee again:
 Ador'd the queen, humour'd the people,
 In all their fancies and requests;
 Made the bells ring in every steeple,
 And drove their foes from all their nests.

But

But ah! the inconstancy of bees!

Roving and changing every hour!

Wasted about by every breeze,

Allur'd by every specious flower;

For now, because the Queen has pitched

Upon the Piper to amuse her,

Pericles swears she is bewitched,

And sets his mob on to abuse her:

This sure is jealousy and spleen,

Not like true love and genuine duty;

For if, like me, he lov'd the Queen,

He could not injure such a beauty:

Yet, to do justice to his merits,

He always lov'd the Queen, I know;

It is the fever on his spirits,

Makes him forget what subjects owe.

As Pericles has shewn the way,

Let me too introduce my tale;

In a debate, before to-day,

I have known a fable turn the scale.

A Lion with a wand'ring gout,

Upon his couch, or bed lay roaring;

The courtiers all stood round about,

Every god and aid imploring.

O

Excruciated

Excruciated like a martyr;
 The doctors brought a thousand fops;
 To pave the way for his departure,
 They pour'd them down the Lion's chops.
 Of all the courtiers that attended,
 Waiting about him in a ring,
 The Wolf officiously pretended,
 To sympathize most with the King.
 Whilst we are all in such a fright,
 Sir, said the Wolf, it must appear,
 Neither convenient nor right,
 That your attorney is not here;
 My friend, the Fox, is much to blame,
 Now that your Majesty's so ill,
 To roam about killing your game,
 When you may want to make your will.
 At his return the Fox was told,
 How handsomely his friend had serv'd him,
 His spite at me is very old,
 Says master Fox, I have observ'd him;
 Only because I go a fowling,
 Am rich and entertain my friends,
 Whilst he, for very hunger howling,
 Is fit to eat his fingers ends.

Volpone,

Volpone, that instant ran to court,
 Salutes the Wolf quite frank and hearty,
 The Monarch cried, had you good sport?
 Sir Reynard, who was of your party?
 Your Majesty, says the attorney,
 Is misinform'd about my journey;
 That I was hunting, is most true,
 Making the strictest perquisitions
 Of the most eminent physicians
 About a remedy for you:
 When your gout's fix'd or quite remov'd,
 Then, Sir, my care and pious zeal,
 For you, and for the common-weal,
 Will be acknowledg'd and approv'd.
 In the mean-time, I must proceed
 To tell my sov'reign of his cure,
 His royal heart, I know, will bleed;
 I feel myself, what he'll endure:
 A Wolf must presently be got,
 In such a case it is no sin,
 Flay him alive, and piping hot
 Wrap the King up in the Wolf's skin.

Thus

Thus Sir, if you will be directed,
 Your pains will quickly be abated,
 The morbid matter be ejected,
 And health and vigour re-instated.
 The Lion rising from his bed,
 Proceeding without any heat,
 With one stroke only on the head,
 Lay'd the Wolf breathless at his feet:
 For simple vanity indited,
 If the Mole's exile was decreed,
 I think the Wolf that's so sharp-sighted,
 Was with the greatest justice slay'd,
 For to vain-glory and weak pride,
 He added perfidy beside.
 If any here was slay'd alive,
 Drawn in by any tempting snare,
 To make the Queen alert and thrive;
 'Twas not the Drone's plot you may swear:
 But to conclude, let me advise
 Pericles to withdraw his motion,
 He must at last open his eyes,
 'Tis so undutiful a notion;

Therefore,

Therefore, I hope, that he will use
 His Sovereign better for the future,
 And that you'll vote the Queen shall chuse
 Whatever instrument may suit her.
 As she loves bagpipes out of measure,
 As Pericles is her aversion,
 Indulge her royal health and pleasure,
 It is an innocent diversion:
 Let her old piper play his lills,
 Let him go on in his vocation;
 Suffer not Pericles on flits,
 To take away her consolation.
 They all concurred, as you will guess,
 And as you must have pre-conceiv'd,
 Drew up, and went with an address,
 And were most graciously receiv'd.
 The whole was nothing but collusion;
 But what makes me, and should make you sick;
 Pericles, chief of the confusion,
 Was made the chief of the Queen's musick;
 And thus these two renown'd debators,
 Amus'd the people with sham matches;
 And, like two honest gladiators,
 They made the fools pay for their scratches.

The Piper pipes, the Drones continue,
 The Buzzers only gape and gaze,
 Pericles, with a grand retinue,
 Is humming somewhere about: H S.

M O R A L.

'Tis Anti-Mandivally true,
 True as the Gospel, or St. Paul,
 The private vices of a few,
 Will be the ruin of us all.

F I N I S



